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Backwards Story! In this story, the chapters are in reverse order! Read from Chapter 8 to Chapter 1!



34 6 8

Chapter 1 by cookiepope

That's when she told me it wasn't in the drawer, but I swear to God, I know I put it there. I know it's there still and I know she was looking right at it while she flat-out lied. I just couldn't believe her, you know? I mean, Jesus Christ. So I just went along with it, even though I'm pretty damn sure that she knew that I knew she was full of it, but we just sort of kept the whole thing going anyway. I just don't care enough anymore to call her out, you know? And I mean, she just let it happen, too! Jesus. Anyway, sorry for running on, I know you've got that appointment, but I just couldn't wait until five. Actually, I probably didn't even want you to answer in the first place. How long are these things allowed to be, anyway? God. Do me a favor and don't call me when you get this. I'll just see you on Wednesday instead. I have so many goddamn errands to run and I'm pretty sure the refrigerator's empty, so I have to go sort that out too. Jesus Christ. Tell Manny I said hi, OK? See you on Tuesday. I mean Wednesday. I love you. Bye.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



So Doc, this is where it gets a little weird. I know the answering machine is running on here, but just bear with me. I'll tell you more in my therapy session Wednesday, but for now just hear me out.

Look in the drawer, I said. It's where I left it. Where? she says. In the bedroom... sidetable thingee. Ya know, next to the bed. I was in a huff, I wasn't thinking straight, and that was the first place I thought to put it. In the bottom drawer. Your mother was in the living room, jabbering

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Chapter 3 by intellikat



I pick up the phone and dial. I know his number by heart. After all, he's more than my therapist. He's my lover. And my partner in this crime.

As I punch in the last digits, I'm not sure where to start. Is it the fact that my wife, Doris, is also having an affair? She surely would have seen the severed monkey head in the sidetable drawer had she actually bothered to look.... but instead she was no doubt sprawled out in the embrace of another... on our marriage bed... and coldly dishing it to me by ignoring my desperate pleas to cook the thing. Or was it the fact that the monkey head was not going to be served for dinner after all... that it would be sitting there, rotting... instead of being served as the main course at the Assembly of High Dromedaries that night at precisely midnight??? I mean... when Doris and I first married, we agreed that I was allowed my cult memberships and she was allowed hers. But if that monkey head wasn't served at the stroke of twelve... well, SHIT. Some High Dromedaries were going to be just a little bit upset.

The phone was ringing now with no answer. He had told me of an appointment he had late afternoon... perhaps he was tied up at the moment. But more importantly... where could Doris be at this moment? Who was fucking my wife in my bedroom with a sidetable with a monkey head in it?? The plot was thickening, and so was my ire.

James' answering machine picks up, and I freeze for a moment. Then I remember the words.

James. I mean... Doc. Doctor Klassen. I know I'm not supposed to call you by your first name or speak in a familiar way with you in case anything like this could be subpoenaed one day... but listen, Doc... I gotta explain.

And I proceed to tell him of the past 12 hours. Of my argument with Doris, of my trip to the pet store and my "purchasing" of the monkey. The hardware store and the hacksaw. The back alley and the garbage bag. All of it. How I double back to my apartment and stash the severed monkey head in the sidetable drawer with my mother-in-law in the other room. And then how I

triple back to the scene of the crime... and observe the contusions forming on the neck of James' boyfriend. I explain the facts. I tell him I'm not together as one.

And so I call Doris. Doc. I mean... Doctor Klassen. I know I'm not supposed to call you by your first name or speak in a familiar way with you in case anything like this could be subpoenaed one day... but listen, Doc... I gotta do something for me. It's very important that it happens tonight. I just need you to cook a little something up for

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thirteen middle-aged white men who will be coming round the apartment at about midnight. What? she says. What you want I should cook? I tell her its a special cut of meat. I don't say what exactly. And so she asks me where this special meat is.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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